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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 36 MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

A Babe's and a Woman's Love.

(B. W., in the 'Sunday at Home.')

Tom was a rough bold sailor,
Who now and then would dream
And knew that a poet once had said,
'Things are not what they seem.'

He sat alone and pondered,
By the stove that burnt in the hold.
Chums wondered, 'What is he doing of?'
For the weather was not cold.

And as he sat, his face shone
As the sea when bright and calm,
And his eyes, as he gazed on the fire,
Seemed singing a silent psalm.

Another flame was before him,
Which burnt in a hut afar,
Flickering a floor and a ceiling,
Beneath the northern star.

A cradle stood in a corner,
A mother sat stitching near,
A kettle sang on the cleaned-up hob,
A cock crowed in the rear.

The woman, he saw, was looking
Down the walk to the garden gate,
Longing to run to open it now.
Alas! she had months to wait.

His ship was due in the winter,
The corn was just breaking the ground,
The summer must go and the roses
'Ere her lost good man is found.

It was not far to that gate,
Yet it seemed far off to-day, for
The man, that made it her gate of heaven,
Was sailing long leagues away.

He saw the woe of her heart;
He almost heard her speak;
He stooped and stroked her brow with his hand,
And pressed a kiss on her cheek.

He seemed to ride at anchor,
A soul like a ship at sea,
And port had never such anchorage
As that cottage floor could be.

Not all the storms and strainings,
Of the tackle and gear of life,
Could drag his grappling anchor away
From his baby and his wife.

His mates could not understand,
As they rollicked on deck above,
For they had not entered the magical world—
A babe's and a woman's love.

Dr. Arnold's Daily Prayer.

Dr. Arnold's daily prayer was as follows: 'O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it, I would commit eye and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine, that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot conspicuously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen —'Missionary Herald.'

Don't Believe in Foreign Missions.

(By Rev. John Woods, D.D., in the 'Herald and Presbyter.')

'I don't believe in foreign missions.'

Oh, you don't? Then you think Christianity ought to have died where it was born, in the little country of Palestine, about the size of the State of New Jersey, or one-sixth as large as Ohio. The moment the gospel was carried beyond the Holy Land it became a foreign missionary enterprise. Before the death of the last of the apostles it had been carried throughout the Roman Empire, and firmly established in three continents.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you think that when Jesus commanded his followers to go into all the world and make disciples among all nations, he laid upon them an unreasonable and hopeless task. You think that when Jesus said, 'I am the light of the world,' when he assumed to set up the kingdom of God among men; or when he declared, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away,' he was simply a visionary, carried away by his own enthusiasm, and cherishing ideas, and aims that could by no possibility be realized.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you do not think much of the prayer which our Saviour has taught us: 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in

heaven.' You are not in sympathy with Christ, for the salvation of the world is a cause which lies near his heart. He loves the poorest Hindoo and the most benighted African, and died that they might live.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you must believe in selfishness. We have a good thing, let us keep it for ourselves. We have long enjoyed the blessings of Christianity, its noble ideals, its pure morality, its inspiring precepts, its gracious promises, its immortal hopes; but to impart these to the heathen is not our concern.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you have no appreciation of some of the noblest lives that have ever lived on this planet. Think of the great company of saintly men who have given themselves to the cause. It shines with the names of Carey, and Henry Martyn, and Brainerd, and McCheyne, and Schwartz, and Elliott, and Bishop Heber, and Adoniram Judson and Scudder, and Dr. Duff, and Eli Smith, and Robert Morrison, and Hudson Taylor, and Mackay of Uganda, and Lowry, and Moffatt, and Livingstone, and Dr. Paton. What a constellation that is! But to you it is nothing. The mention of these names will not quicken your pulse one beat to the minute, for the heroism of foreign missions is nothing to you! You don't believe in it. What must Jesus think of you?

Religious News.

Some assert, and perhaps believe that there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence. But the history of the world contains very many proofs of the contrary. There is a case of recent occurrence that ought to settle the matter for all time to come. Fifty-five years ago Hiram Bingham graduated at Yale. He was born in Honolulu, and his parents were among the missionaries who changed a nation of cannibals into decent Christian people in an incredibly short time. The son sought a field where he could follow the example of his illustrious father.

Five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco lie the Gilbert Islands. This man and his young wife went there in 1857, and settled down to see what could be done for them. The dwellers in Apaing, the island they selected, were 30,000 in number, says the Cincinnati 'Enquirer,' and were a sullen, cruel, and treacherous lot, fond of war and also of eating their prisoners.

Mr. Bingham first reduced their gibberish to a tangible and written form, and then gradually taught them in that language, and by daily example, the ways of civilization and religion. He and his wife wrote various books for their use and instruction, including a complete dictionary, and won their love and confidence.

More than this, many of them became teachers and missionaries themselves to their people, and nearly all the inhabitants of that large island became and are completely and radically changed. All their heathenish customs and beliefs are gone, and they are as happy and contented a race as they formerly were wretched and useless.

Recently they celebrated the semi-centennial of their reformation, and among other interesting events they prepared and sent to Mr. Bingham a touching and affecting tribute of their appreciation of the man who had rescued them out of a sense of duty alone. His long residence in that unhealthful climate had broken him down, so that he was compelled to return to Honolulu, where he still lives in the happy consciousness of having well served his Master and his fellow men, but without earthly reward or the expectation of it. Here is an instance of undoubted self-sacrifice and devotion to duty without hope of reward. Such men deserve recognition and remembrance.

Work in Labrador.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' LAUNCHED ONCE MORE.

It is impossible to read the following courageous letter from Dr. Hare without feeling deep regret that the new launch for Harrington is still a thing of the future, that he is still forced to spend on occasion a week at a time in the cramped quarters that he describes as allowing 'no room for comfort.' His work is growing, his calls carry him further afield, and while it is gratifying to know that were it not for the 'Northern Messenger' it would be impossible for him to respond to many of them, yet it is distressing to think of the difficulties which he must face in the smaller launch, and which the larger launch would obviate. His work is dear to his heart, and one of his chief troubles is that he cannot do more than he can with the present launch. It is for us to see that he is supplied as soon as possible with the larger launch, but meanwhile the present 'Northern Messenger' is filling the need to the best of its abilities:

Harrington, July, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

The sturdy little launch was put into the water again after her long rest in her winter quarters, on the evening of May 12. The tide did not make high until almost dark, so it was half-past ten before we had her afloat and safely moored. I was glad to see her in her accustomed place once more. A sick call had come to go to a place 150 miles or so west, which hurried us somewhat, but on account of having to overhaul the engine it was not until the evening of the fourteenth that we were ready to start. We slept on board so as to be able to make an earlier start, and next morning, soon after 4 o'clock we were running out of the Western Passage and leaving Harrington on the first launch trip of the season.

Our first stop was made at Wolf Bay, where I went ashore to see our good friends the Jones's, then we went on, but soon had to leave the run we were in, and pick our way through rocky shoals to get outside the islands, as our further passage was barred by ice that had not yet melted.

That night we ran until too dark to see anything, then entered a little cove and anchored for the night. Our small oil stove was soon busy with our supper, and after admiring our surroundings, we crawled into the small cuddy for the night. Next morning we called into Musquarro where there is a telegraph office, and sent some messages; then went on to Kegashka, where I had to see some sick people. When we were ready to leave again the wind had risen and as I knew the launch could not make her way against it, we had to remain there during the afternoon.

A fisherman friend of ours had met with an accident that morning in breaking his foremast, but having cut a spare stick last winter in a cove ten miles away, he would soon be in a condition to go to sea again if he had the stick home. As it was inside the islands I took him aboard and we went down and towed the stick home for him, saving him a day or so in time. He was very thankful for the help and I was glad to do it for him as he has been most kind to me and has helped the mission in many ways. We had a splendid run the following day, getting into Piashti Bay about six p.m., where I at once got into touch with my patient, who was suffering from severe pleurisy.

We were ready to leave for home again in two days, but the weather would not let us, a heavy head wind and tide preventing us.

Next morning, however, we got away and ran to Aguamius River, where we had a bad time getting in over the bar. The ground swell was heavy and this meeting the current of the river, made a sea that almost broke across the bar. Added to this, the ice was coming out of the lakes and river in large pans, and it was very difficult to dodge the heavy seas, keep in the narrow channel and keep clear of the ice at the same time. We had no accident, but many close shaves and some hard knocks which—thanks to the sheathing of galvanized iron we put on before launching—did us no harm.

Saw a number of sick people during the afternoon and evening, among them two widows, whose husbands were drowned last autumn while trapping in the country. One woman has two children, the other eight children, the eldest a little over nine, the youngest eight months. These families are utterly destitute, being dependent on the charity of the neighbors, who are almost as poor as themselves. Away shortly after daylight, and ran into Isle au Mission, where several families of French from the Magdalen Islands live. Here we had several cases to treat, then a run of nine or ten miles brought us to Natashquau, where we had more sick to treat. This is another French settlement. Coming out the next morning we had several miles of hard, blue ice out of the river to run through, making it difficult navigation for a boat built as thinly as this launch is. The planking is only one inch thick, which is too frail unless she is full timbered. We were thankful enough that we had taken the extra time to put on the iron sheathing, or we must certainly have punched a hole in her bows.

Before we reached Kegashka we met a tremendous south-east sea, which was right abeam, and we rolled so you could hardly hold on tightly enough to keep from falling overboard. When the boat was in the hollow of the sea you could not have seen more than a foot or so of our masthead. The sea increased so rapidly that by the time we had reached Kegashka we could not stick our nose outside the harbor, so had to remain there that afternoon, and as the following day was Sunday, we stopped quietly in the harbor until four o'clock on Monday morning.

Service twice on Sunday, with practically all hands in the harbor turned out. How one appreciates a quiet, restful Sunday, especially after knocking about all the week in such a small boat, where there is no room for comfort. Gave one of the ministers a deck passage from Kegashka to Harrington, which we reached after an uneventful run of about two days.

Home for three or four days, then we went east to Mutton Bay and Tabatiere, seeing quite a number of patients on the way. Gave another minister a lift to enable him to take up a preaching appointment. We had three days of snow while on this trip. On June 3 I started off in a smother of snow in a canoe with two Indians to see the sick child of one of them. Fortunately he spoke English, as I am sorry to say my Montaignais is very limited.

Home for two days, then went west once more. The Indians were all at their mission at Musquarro, and a lot of them were sick. I remained among them three days, treating them; there were about three hundred altogether this year. Many of them are very badly off for food; the hunt for fur has been a failure this past winter, and most of them owe good bills at the Hudson's Bay posts, where they trade, and it is not so easy to get supplies as it used to be.

We have had some hurry calls, where we have been able to be of service, but without the launch it would have been useless to attempt to go. I have been three days in a sail boat trying to get to a place which is not much more than ten and a half hours by the launch, and the launch only goes about four and a half miles in an hour, if there is much of a head tide and wind we average from two and a half to three. We are busy all the time. The launch has travelled this year eight hundred and seventy-five miles, carrying relief and good tidings to the people of the coast, and we will continue to do so with God's blessing.

Yours for the Cote Nord.

H. MATHER HARE.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. G. E. Robinson, Waterloo, P. Que., $2.00; A Guelph Reader, $1.00; A Friend, Murray Harbor, $2.00; Mrs. David Tees, Westmount, $5.00; An Interested One, Woodstock, Ont., 25 cents; Total.. .. ..$ 10.25

Received for the cots:—A Friend..$ 1.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,623.26

Total on hand Aug. 18.. .. .. ..$ 1,634.51

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,— SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1908.

David Made King Over Israel and Judah.

II. Sam. ii., 1-7; v., 1-5. Memory verses, II. Sam., v., 4, 5. Read II. Sam. ii.-v.

Golden Text.

David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him. II. Sam. v. 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 7.—II. Sam. ii., 1-17.
Tuesday, September 8.—II. Sam. ii., 18-32.
Wednesday, September 9.—II. Sam. iii., 1-21.
Thursday, September 10.—II. Sam. iii., 22-39.
Friday, September 11.—II. Sam. iv., 1-12.
Saturday, September 12.—II. Sam. v., 1-25.
Sunday, September 13.—I. Chr. xi., 1-25.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can remember what Saul was like, and what happened when he was made king of the Israelites? He was a young man who came straight from the farm to the throne, but before all the people accepted him as king he did a very brave deed in freeing the people of Jabesh Gilead. Then it was that everybody praised him and accepted him as king. How long do you think he reigned? About forty years, and at last, as we learned in last Sunday's lesson, he was killed in battle, and with him died his three eldest sons, Jonathan, of course, among them. The country now had no king, and David, who you must remember had been anointed king by Samuel, asked God what he should do. He was living among the Philistines you know because Saul had driven him out of Judah. Now God told him to go back to Judah to the city of Hebron, and here the people gathered together to make him king as soon as they heard that he had come back. Not all the Israelites though, because some of them chose another king, Ishbosheth, the youngest son of Saul. He was not very much of a king, but he had a very brave general called Abner, his father's uncle, and this general got ten of the tribes to proclaim Ishbosheth their king. Just think what David would feel like. It must have been about thirteen or fourteen years since Samuel had anointed him king, and pretty nearly all that time David had been having to hurry from place to place to get away from Saul, who wanted to kill him. David had been very careful not to fight over the matter, although he had a great many men who would have done anything for him. Now Saul is dead and David asks God if it's time yet for him to be king. God told David to go into Judah, and when he gets there he finds he is to be king over only two tribes, while Ishbosheth, Saul's son, is made king over all the rest. What do you think you would have done if you had been David? Don't you think you would have felt like fighting over it? 'It is God's intention that I should be king,' David might have said, 'so I'm not going to let Ishbosheth be.' However, it seems that he didn't do any fighting at all until Abner forced him to, because he believed that if God had promised to make him king, God would keep his promise when the time came for it. A little girl one day told her mother that she had been helping God make the flowers blossom, but what she really had done was to pull open a lot of buds before they were ready and had killed them all. We must be patient if we are to help God. If the little girl had been watering the flowers and pulling out the weeds she might really have said she had been helping God. That is something like what David did. For seven years and a half David reigned in Hebron and looked after the little bit of a kingdom God had given him, so that it kept growing and growing all the time until at last he found it was God's time to give it all to him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Try to get the time of David's reign placed in your scholars' minds in its right place in the world's history. It was two or three centuries before there was any thought of building Rome, even if the legendary age of that city is considered to be correct. If any other king of that time had been brought the news that a certain city had done especial service to his recent rival, the act would have brought upon the city summary vengeance, or at least the deed would have been stored up in the king's mind until a fitting time to revenge it should come. The age was one of cruelty and selfishness, and in considering the story of David his faults pale into insignificance by comparison with those of contemporary monarchs, while his virtues stand out with wonderful brilliancy. This was doubtless owing to the hold his religion had upon him, although the Bible bears record that there was still much of darkness and superstition mixed up with the revealed religion. The seven years and a half of waiting at Hebron for the completion of God's promise were not by any means years of stagnation. David was being trained in the lesser office before he was trusted with the larger. First of all he had learned to govern a company of outlaws in the caves of the mountains, so that his report to Nabal (I. Sam. xxv., 7) could be heartily confirmed by the man's own servants (verses 15, 16); then he was trusted with a city (I. Sam. 6, 7), where he ruled his people so well that on a particularly difficult question his word was accepted and vested upon (I. Sam. xxx., 21-25); the next advance was to the Kingdom of Judah. His probation here was of longer duration, but quietly accepted by David. He had paved the way for himself in Judah, not only by his prudent behavior at Saul's court, by his abstinence from any marauding acts during the years of his hiding from Saul, but also by a generous gift to the regions where he had most generally stayed during the years of trial (I. Sam. xxx., 26-31). He paved the way for himself to the larger kingdom largely by just such prudence and generosity during the years of his reign at Hebron. There is a splendid lesson in the fall of Jebus in those chapters. This citadel, entrenched by nature, had remained for all these centuries in the hands of the heathen. They derided the idea that it could ever be taken. Yet by the perseverance of God's servants it was taken, and became the synonym through all ages for the city of God. Many evils seemingly as strongly entrenched will fall before God's people with due perseverance.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

3. David made a covenant with them before Jehovah. One of the psalms (101) ascribed to David sounds like the resolves of a new monarch on his accession. In it the Psalmist draws the ideal of a king, and says such things as, 'I will behave myself wisely, in a perfect way. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. I hate the work of them that turn aside. Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me.' That psalm we may regard as the first words of the king, when, after long, weary years, the promise of Samuel's anointing was fulfilled, and he sat on the throne.—Maclaren.

Of all the Old Testament characters from Genesis to Samuel, the most tactful one is David. When the women praised him so as to arouse the king's jealousy, the court would naturally be opposed to him, too, but he behaved himself so wisely that he won the devoted love of Jonathan, the prince, and of all the people. When he was made a captain over the warriors, his popularity increased. When he was hunted from place to place as an outlaw, the disaffected men of the kingdom joined him, and these brave but turbulent companions he kept in check and won their loyal devotion. All who came near him seem to have felt the charm of his personality, and this could only mean that he possessed the 'peculiar skill or faculty' called tact in dealing with men.

People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude—and the rarest, too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one; but it is only that twenty-first who can do her work, out and out, and enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasure, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness, when Impatience companions her.—Ruskin, 'Ethics of the Dust.'

He has attained to an eminent degree of Christian grace who knows how to wait.—Henry Ward Beecher.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

David was a fine example of Christ's parables of the Talents and the Pounds. Faithfulness in lesser things is the only way to higher and better things. David was now hearing the Lord's 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things' (Matt. xxv., 21).

II. Sam. v., 1.—'The book of Chronicles contains further interesting details about this assembly at Hebron (I. Chron. xii., 23-40). The joy was universal, for the fame of David was again on all lips. The homage and fidelity to a new monarch, shown in modern nations on the part of public servants by taking a solemn oath, have been expressed in the East from the earliest ages by gifts presented by the population at large to their new ruler. Vast quantities of the thin, dry bread of the country, loads of meal or flour, of figs pressed into cakes, and of raisins, arrived on long trains of asses, camels, mules, and oxen; wine and oil, and cattle and sheep in herds and flocks, filled the Hebron valley; at once a demonstration of the unanimous election of David and provision for the usual feast of the Accession, which was held for three days at Hebron with unprecedented rejoicings.'—Geikie.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 13.—Topic—Commending our Society. I. By church attendance. Ps. xxvi., 1-12; Heb. x., 21-25.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 7.—Adam's excuse. Gen. iii., 12.

Tuesday, September 8.—Aaron's excuse. Exod. xxxii., 21-24.

Wednesday, September 9.—Conscience accusing. Rom. ii., 15.

Thursday, September 10.—Without excuse. Rom. i., 20, 21.

Friday, September 11.—Too busy. I. Kings xx., 39, 40.

Saturday, September 12.—Not ready. Matt. xxv., 1-12.

Sunday, September 13.—Topic—Making excuses. Luke xiv., 16-24.

In the conflict between truth and error, faith and unbelief, virtue and vice, temperance and intemperance, liberty and lawlessness, victory is on the side that wins the children.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Childhood is the key which unlocks all our problems, and the Sunday School has its hand on the key.

Sunday School Offer.

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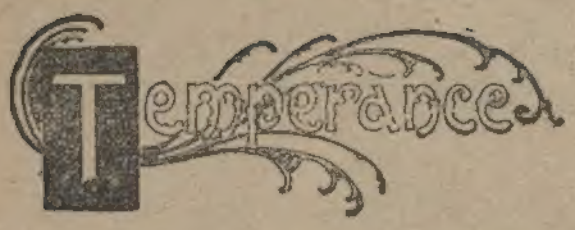

The Deciding Vote.

There lives in a Western state a humble old lady whose interest in politics is confined to the single fact that her son was elected a number of years ago a member of the legislature, and has several times since been re-elected. What he has actually done in the legislature she does not know. She has no doubt that he has done all that a good boy, grown to be a great man, ought to have done or could do; and one good thing, at least, he did to justify her confidence.

When the legislature assembled in the autumn of 1906, the son visited his mother, and chided her good-naturedly for not reading the speeches he had sent her. She had saved them all, and knew just where they were; but she confessed that she had not been able to read them all, nor to understand very well what she had read.

'But you're going to make a speech this year that I shall read, every word,' she said.

'Tell me which one that is, and I'll be sure to make it,' said he.

'It's the one on the anti-saloon bill,' said she.

'Oh, that one!' he said, somewhat confusedly.

'Yes. I know it will be a good one. My boy, you know what liquor did for our home years ago. I have prayed all the years that my son might grow up to save other boys from his father's fate. And this is your opportunity. I know you will be true to it.'

'Well, mother,' replied the son, 'I don't know that I have much confidence in these efforts to make men good by legislation. You can't very well do more than regulate the liquor traffic. The attempt to prohibit it altogether always fails. I don't know that I can make a speech in favor of that bill.'

But these arguments fell unheeded on her ears. She did not take them seriously. She thought her son joking, as was his wont.

'Oh, I know you like to tease me,' she said, 'but I know you'll vote for that bill, and speak for it. And I shall read every word of your speech, and I shall pray for you every day, that God will bless that speech and make it win the fight.'

The son had, indeed, expected to speak on the bill, but on the other side; and he never had doubted, nor had his political friends, which way he would vote. But the weeks went by, and the fate of the bill hung in the balance, and he kept his own counsel. It was assumed, however, that he would vote against the bill in the end, and so his silence caused no uneasiness to the liquor men.

'I know why you are waiting,' wrote his mother. 'You are waiting to make your great speech when the great fight comes. God bless you, my boy! I am praying for you. How proud I am of you!'

It was that letter that put all doubt aside. When the lines began to tighten and a deadlock was threatening, he first voted on an amendment which forecasted his final action. That vote brought surprise to the friends of temperance and discouragement to the friends of the liquor cause.

And when the bill came up on its third reading, he spoke. He did not see the members of the House, but he saw an old woman, reading his speech through spectacles that required frequent wiping, and it was a speech that carried conviction.

The vote was so close that any one of a dozen things might have turned the scale; but among the stories told in the committee-rooms, after the bill became a law under which several hundred saloons were obliged to close, is that here related. It is the true story of the way a mother's prayers and confidence had their decisive influence in the making of a law.—'Youth's Companion.'

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To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Janie L. Libbey, B., N.B., and Mabel Bovee, V., B.C., are two new members of the league for this week. Miss Mabel suggests that it would be a nice idea for the league to have a badge to keep the members in mind of their pledge. How would a double bow of purple and white ribbon do, like the one shown at the top of the pledge? The purple stands for the royal endeavor, the white for the purity of quiet kindliness, and their union in the little bow shows the union into which the members of the league have entered. This is a little badge that anyone can use, for a little bow just about the size shown can be made from five-inch lengths of the purple and white ribbon, the ribbon being about one-quarter of an inch wide. If you are too far away from the stores to get ribbon, ask mother to cut you little strips from some purple and white silk or other stuff. That will do until you can get the ribbon.

There is another way that the members might help themselves to remember their pledge, and that is by learning off by heart verses 4, 5, 6 and 7 of I. Cor. xiii. Learn the whole chapter if you can, it isn't long, but anyhow learn those four verses and say them over often to yourself.

V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' twice before. I am twelve years old, and I went up to town to take the entrance examinations for the Academy, and I was successful. I am sorry that school is closed now, as I like to go. I went the last two years without missing a day. I have read a great many books, and I have about forty of my own. L. M. Alcott, Mary J. Holmes, Dickens and Josiah Allen's Wife are my favorite authors.

ROBINA JOHNSON.

B. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy the 'Messenger' more than any other paper for Sunday reading. We have had the 'Messenger' at Sunday School for several years, and we all like it very well. I have for pets a big cat named Snowball and a little kitten named Smut, and a dog named Guess. The places I would like to visit are Montreal, London and Washington, but I don't think I will ever get there. I take music lessons every week and like it pretty well.

ARLINE THOMAS.

U. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have taken it for some time, and we all like it very much. I go to school all term and am in the fifth grade. We study drawing a lot, so I am sending a drawing of our schoolhouse. It has two rooms and a lobby. The Stewiacke River runs behind it, and the valley is very pretty in summer. My father is a farmer. We have three colts and seven cows and ten young cattle. We have about seventy chickens. We moved here from New Brunswick nearly three years ago. I am ten years old. Well, I think this is a long letter for the first one, so will close with the answer to Clifford Willard's riddle (July 17)—'A bald head.'

MAUD L. LOCKHART.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from around here, I thought I would try to write one. We have taken the 'Messenger' in our Sunday School ever since I can remember. I like to read it very much, especially the letters from the girls and boys. I have three sisters and three brothers. My eldest sister is twelve years old, and she passed the entrance this year. I have no pets but my little baby sister Anita. I will not say that I do very much work, as two years ago I had my arm broken at school, and it has never been very strong since. I guess I will close for this time, hoping my letter is not too long.

GLADYS GILLILAND.

A RIDDLE.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old;
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind I enlighten; though loose, I am bound.
I'm always in black and I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—
In form, too, I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin;
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points than a compass, more stops than a flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking convite.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I oft die too soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

Sent in by CLINTON R. McARTHURS,
E., Alta.

U. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old and like to read the correspondence. I have only three pets, a black cat named Dinah, a white bull-dog named Bob, and a little colt named Topsy. I live on a farm on the banks of the Stewiacke River, and it is very pretty in the summer.

CURRIE JOHNSON.

A LETTER FROM LABRADOR.

A great many of our correspondents, we know, are interested in Dr. Grenfell, Dr. Hare, and their work in Labrador, so there will be a very ready welcome for the following letter from Dr. Hare's little daughter, Eileen. If you don't know about the work, ask mother and she will likely be able to tell you how the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' have sent money to help build a launch for Dr. Hare to go and see his patients in, and if you think a bit you will surely remember about the two cots that so many of our little correspondents helped to give to the Harrington Hospital, where Dr. Hare works. It is very interesting then, to think how little Miss Eileen, who writes this letter, watches her father hurry away in the launch 'Northern Messenger' when he gets those telegrams that Eileen thinks so tiresome, and how she must often have seen the poor sick people lying in the very cots that so many of you gave your money towards. Yes, indeed, we are very glad to hear from Eileen, even if she had not written the nice little letter she has.

Harrington Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. The 'Messenger' comes to us, and I like it very much, especially the correspondence page. Harrington is a very rocky place. We live on an island. For one pet we have a beautiful collie puppy. Dr. Grenfell gave her to us last summer. We have another puppy, a little Indian dog. His name is Temis, and he is a very good hunter. I have been on this coast two years. In the winter we have fine coasting, the rocks are covered with deep snow. Then sometimes we have rides on the komatic. The dogs go so fast you must hold on tight or you would be thrown off on the ice. I have two brothers and two sisters. I always read them the stories in the 'Northern Messenger.' My father is away most of the time seeing all the sick people on this coast. When he comes home we are all so glad to see him, but before we have him many days he gets a telegram to go off to see some sick person, and then we do not see him for days, sometimes weeks. Hoping I have not taken up too much space, I remain your little reader.

EILEEN E. M. HARE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I have written. I am having a good time, as these are our holidays. We have 21 little chickens. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and my brother goes too. I have a wee tiny kitten, and its name is Mittens. I am ten years old.

ADALINE LUCILA.

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one:
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Mother's Lullaby.

One L'i'l Lamb.

(Martha Young, in 'Outlook.')

I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see,
So de hire-man-shepperd can't never find me
When I'm wrap around wid de dark er de night,
And de odder sheep shine in de dusk so white—
So he gadder dem all safe inter de fol'
And leave me a-trimblein' out in de col'.
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!

Folks say dar's one black sheep in every flock,
But dat hire-man-shepperd don't hear me knock;
Hit seem lak he'd ruther his sheep be all white
When he shut 'em all up safe and sound at night—
He count dat he got in de half and de whole,
When he shut-to de door of de warm shep-fol'.
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!

But de Master come singin' adown dat way
To see of His sheep airy one gone astray;
And He say, 'I wants nairy one los', you know.'
But de hire-man-shepperd he don't sesso—
He pulled his forelock and he speak out right bol':
'Yas, sah, Massa, de good uns is all in de fol'.'
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!
Des a little black sheep am me!

Den de Master look all around, and he say,
'I'm missin' of one'—He speak des dat-away.
Den out on de mountain all col' and so dark,
He go callin' dis-away: 'Sheep—oo— Ah, hark!'
He finds and he ketches me wid a firm hol',
And dar's sholy one little Black Lamb in de fol'!
Coo-ee!
Sheep-ee!
And Mammy's little Black Lamb am he!

Mother's Vacation.

(By L. Montgomery, in the 'Sabbath School Visitor.')

The Osbornes were in the sitting-room when Jill—whose name was Therese—came dancing in. She flung a strapful of text-books in one corner, threw her hat in another, and cast herself on her own pet rocker in the sunset window.

'Breddern and sistern, I'se free,' she announced. 'Free! F-r-e-e! I could roll the word as a sweet morsel under my tongue. Two glorious, golden months to let myself go—never once to have to remember that I am a prim teacher with an inconvenient dignity to keep up. I mean to have the very jolliest vacation of my life this year.'

'Two months! Lucky you!' groaned Larry, enviously, from his nest of pillows. 'Two weeks are all I'll get—and that in the broiling-est days of August. But I'm going to cram as much fun into them as you'll spread over your eight, Jill.'

'It seems to me that we're all looking forward to a very gay and festive time this summer,' said Fred. 'Here's reckless Jill going to the seaside with half a dozen old high-school chums, and sober, sedate Sis is betaking herself to the mountains, while Larry and I, if we're lucky enough to get our vacation together, are going camping up river. Whoopee! It makes me young again to think of it.'

In the laugh that followed, the door bell rang. Cecil went out and brought Miss Woodruff in. It could not be said that the Osbornes were frantically glad to see her. Miss Woodruff had a habit of saying caustic things without any apparent provocation that put you out of conceit with yourself. This might be wholesome, but it did not make for popularity. A special antipathy existed between Miss Woodruff and Jill. A general wave of straightening up passed over the room as Miss Woodruff entered.

'Is your mother home?' said Miss Woodruff.

'No, Miss Woodruff,' said Cecil. 'She went down to the Baker road this evening to take some jelly to old Mrs. Trent. She is very ill, you know.'

'Yes, I know. Your mother'll be ill herself if she goes walking down there on these hot nights. She's not looking well. Why didn't some of you take it?'

Cecil flushed scarlet.

'There was nobody home at the time except myself, and I was busy cooking.'

'As meek as Moses,' said Jill fiercely, afterwards. 'And poor Cecil had agonized all the morning in the heat making that jelly! Cecil is too good for this earth. I have to say it of her, if she is my sister.'

'Well, I merely called to see her about her contribution to the flannel fund,' said Miss Woodruff, who was always more deeply interested in the flannel fund in dog days than at any other time. 'I can drop in again. Very warm weather, isn't it? I suppose your school is closed, Therese. Are you going anywhere for your vacation?'

'Oh, yes,' said Jill. 'We are all planning a nice time. I am going to spend the summer with friends at a little seashore place, and Cecil has been invited to go to the mountains with Cousin Fedora. The boys are going camping with a number of their chums.'

'Humph!' said Miss Woodruff. 'And where's your mother going for her vacation?'

A dead silence followed this pointed question. Everybody waited for somebody else to answer it. In the end, Jill stepped lamely into the breach:—

'Why—why—mother isn't going anywhere, I suppose. She can't be spared from home very well. Somebody has to keep house, you see.'

'I see,' Miss Woodruff rose to go, with an acrid smile. 'Of course, mothers never need vacations. Strange, isn't it? They're warranted not to wear out. I don't think I'll wait any longer. Good evening.'

'She gets on my nerves,' sighed Jill, as the door closed behind her. 'She has taken the savor out of everything.'

At the breakfast table next morning Cecil had a private, uncomfortable suspicion that her mother had been crying in the night. Her eyes looked it. To be sure, she seemed as bright and cheerful as ever, entering whole-heartedly into the vacation plans the boys were making, and discussing Jill's new dresses with her. But Cecil felt sure that her suspicion was correct.

Later on in the forenoon, as she was passing through her mother's room, she picked up an open letter from the floor and laid it on the table. As she did so, her eyes fell on a paragraph, and she could not avoid taking in the sense of it.

'Can't you come home for a visit this summer, Emily?' it ran, in Aunt Alice's large handwriting. 'We have not seen you for fifteen years. Surely now that the children have grown up—'

Cecil went out with flushed cheeks. This accounted for the look on her mother's face that morning. She was very thoughtful and abstracted all day.

When the time came for their accustomed conclave, Cecil said: 'I have a proposition to make to you all—to you, Therese Osborne, better known as Jill; to you Lawrence Osborne, alias Larry; and to you, Frederick Osborne, commonly called Fred. It's this—let us give up our vacations, at least so far as going away is concerned, and send mother down East for the summer.'

An eloquent silence followed, broken only by a whistle from Larry.

'You see,' went on Cecil, after a pause, 'what Miss Woodruff said yesterday set me to thinking. Mother doesn't look well. She's pale and tired, although she never complains. Last night she had a letter from Aunt Alice, wanting her to go home this summer. Mother hasn't been home for fifteen years. She cried over it—I know she did—and I know she'd love to go.'

'But Cecil, if you back out of going to the mountains now, Cousin Fedora will be offended. She'll never give you the chance again.'

'It will not matter,' said Cecil, bravely. None of them really knew how her heart had been set on that mountain trip. 'If mother will go, I'll stay home and keep house, and the money that was to have gone into my clothes will go into hers. You will have to give up the seashore, Jill, and, boys, I'm sorry, but there'll be no camping out in company for you.'

'I'll do it,' said Larry, sturdily. 'Sorry I didn't think of it first. I've fifty dollars I'd saved up for my share in the campaign. It'll buy mother's ticket home.'

'And my fifty will buy it back,' said Fred. 'We're with you, sister.'

They all looked at Jill. Jill glared back at them. Then she rose and walked three times around the room. She did not believe she could give up the seaside and her jolly plans. At the end of her third perambulation, Jill came back and sat down.

'It's wrenched every bone and sinew, but it's over,' she announced, cheerfully. 'I'm with you, breddern. My little hoard is in the forget-me-not jug in my room. It is at your disposal, Cecil. I'll help you keep house if I'm not more bother than I'm worth.'

'The trouble will be to coax mother round,' said Larry. 'She's so strongly in the habit of effacing herself and giving everything to us that she'll not want to go.'

'We must make her,' declared Jill, resolutely. '"Parents, obey your children," is a good commandment sometimes.'

'She'll go if we're only in earnest enough,' said Cecil. 'Let's go straight to mother and tell her this minute. I want to gloat on the dear, blessed, unselfish little woman's surprise.'

So Mrs. Osborne went East. At first she protested, but her protests were not listened to, and the preparations for her visit were carried serenely on all the time she declared she couldn't go. In the end she succumbed.

'It was worth it,' said irrepressible Jill, when the train had steamed out of the station the next morning and the Osbornes started home. 'Mother's face was better than all the vacations in a lifetime, wasn't it? I declare, there's miss Woodruff coming down the street. Well, I can look her squarely in the face to-day.'

Only a Little Doll.

Elsie was only a poor little girl, but she had heard the missionary from India tell of the children there who have no toys and very little to make them happy. She wanted very much to send something to help them. She had only a penny to spend, and as she looked in the shop windows she saw so few things that only cost a penny. At last she bought a doll. It was only a little one, but she begged a piece of red silk and some white lace and dressed it very prettily, and it was then quite a nice present for some little Indian girl. One day she had the joy of taking it to be packed in a box with many others to be sent to India. Elsie felt rather sad when she saw so many large dolls, beside which hers looked so small, but she prayed that although hers was so little, Jesus would use it to tell some one of His love.

After a long voyage the doll reached India, and for some time lay in a cupboard waiting to be sent on its mission of love.

Far away from any town, in a village where the people all worshipped idols, and where no missionary had ever gone, lived a little Brahman girl named Lakshmakka. She was a pretty, curly-headed girl of seven years of age. One day her elder sister's marriage took place. Friends from all the villages around were gathered together to rejoice and feast. On the greatest day of the feast the usual fireworks were let off, and, as often happens in India, one took fire too

soon, and poor little Lakshmakka's clothes caught fire. Before the fire could be put out her legs were burned all over. The father and mother did not know what to do, and there was neither doctor nor hospital near. The only thing that could be thought of was to plaster the poor burnt legs with mud.

For three days poor little Lakshmakka lay in agony, her legs covered with mud which had then become as hard as clay.

On the fourth day the father and mother said, 'Lakshmakka is very ill, and she may die; we will take her t othe hospital and see if the doctor can make her well.' So they put her into a bullock-cart and took her four miles to the railway station, and then for several hours in the train to the town where the hospital was. It was a long, weary journey, and the dear little girl suffered terribly.

At last the hospital was reached and the little girl laid on a bed. The doctor came and examined her and said: 'The first thing is to take off the mud.' So the nurses beban to take this off—but oh! the agony little Lakshmakka had to endure, and it was her screams that brought in a lady missionary who happened to be passing the hospital at the time.

What could this lady do to help? First she had to ask if the father and mother—who were standing helplessly looking on on either side of the bed—would permit her to touch their little girl. For so holy are those people that the touch of an English person would defile. But so anxious were those parents, that at once they said: 'Oh, do touch her; what does it matter now the child is so ill.' So the missionary took the little girl in her arms and held her very tight so that she should not feel the pain so badly. Then she began to talk, and this is what she said: 'Don't cry any more; be a brave little girl, and I will give you a doll.' 'A doll! How big will it be? What will be the color of its dress? Will it have any silk on?' and many other questions Lakshmakka asked, almost forgetting the pain in her wonder and joy. She had never seen a doll, and now she was to have one for her very own.

By this time the mud was taken off and the poor burnt legs carefully wrapped up in wool and bandaged. The last bit—straightening and weighting them—caused another scream, but it was soon over and the child lay quietly waiting for the doll.

The little doll that Elsie had dressed in red silk and white lace was the one which little Lakshmakka received to comfort her. If little Elsie could have seen the joy and heard the shout of delight she would have been quite repaid for the penny she gave and for the trouble she took in dressing it. For two weeks the doll lay beside Lakshmakka, and then she was sent home quite cured. But this was not all the good that little doll did. The father and mother were so astonished to find that Christians in England had thought of their children, that they said, 'We will never persecute Christians again; we did not know what this new religion meant.' On saying 'good-bye' to the lady who gave the doll they gave her a hearty invitation to go to their house and to send Bible-women to tell more of the Saviour and His love.

Will not some other little girls give their time and money to help to tell of the Saviour's love?—News From Afar.

First Wrong Moves.

Mr. Ruskin, having turned his mind to chess in his old-age, made a wise remark upon the game. Writing to the author of a work on chess, he said:

'In all notes on chess that I ever read, there is to my notion, a want of care to point out where the losing player first goes wrong. It is often said, "Such a move would be stronger," but scarcely ever why stronger, and no player ever confesses by what move he was first surprised.'

The same thing has often occurred in the game of life. We have seen the living wreck of a human being—a woman before the police court for drunkenness, a man sentenced to prison for forgery, a married pair living in avoidable squalor, a stalwart man sunk to be a bar-keeper. That woman once was an innocent child; that forger once held his head high as an honest citizen; that forlorn couple began their married life clean and decent; that bar-keeper was once a respectable porter.

In each of these cases there was a moment when the 'losing player first went wrong.' In some instances, though not in all, the individual can distinctly remember it, and that moment may have occurred very early in life. There are boys and girls, now apparently innocent and safe, who are meditating the false move, or making it without thought, which will bring them to dishonor and ruin twenty, thirty, forty years hence.

Two thousand years ago it was a familiar saying that no one becomes base suddenly, and every one now living who has had opportunities to learn the history of criminals, knows it to be true. There is only one safety for any of us, and that is to do right from the start, and to keep doing it.

The Story of One Penny.

(By Kate Maud Johnson, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

It was a cold, foggy afternoon in winter. The Ragged Sunday School had met as usual, but to one class and teacher that Sunday was different from any other Sunday. All the boys felt it, and the teacher felt it perhaps even more than the boys.

It was the last time they would meet, for before the next Sunday the teacher would be on the wide seas, going to China as a missionary. In simple, earnest words Paul Marsh spoke to his boys of the work he hoped to do for his Master in far-off China. The boys felt, although they could not have put their thoughts into words, that he was going to do high service for the King. And they forgot that they were ragged and poor as their hearts were stirred by new and great thoughts.

Two days afterwards, as Paul Marsh walked down a poor street near the Ragged Sunday School, he heard the patter of bare feet behind him. Turning, he saw Toney, one of his scholars.

'Please take this for—for China,' Toney said breathlessly, holding up a penny.

'But, Toney, you are hungry,' said Paul Marsh in surprise. 'Why not buy something good with the penny?'

But Toney flushed as he answered hastily: 'No, no; I want to do something to help. This is all I've got.'

Paul Marsh hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he spoke a few words of thanks to the boy, and they parted; but Toney never forgot the loving pressure of his teacher's touch on his shoulder, or the grip of his hand as he said: 'Toney, you are a brave boy. God bless you!'

To Paul Marsh that penny was far too precious to be mixed with the loose bits of money in his pocket. He put it carefully in his pocket-book, and some time afterwards used it to buy the Gospel of John in Chinese. When he did this he had a strange little plan in his mind. He wanted that book to do some special work.

It was more than a year later, after he had learned to speak Chinese, that he became acquainted with a Chinese gentleman whose house was not far from the mission station. He was a servant of the Emperor, and all the people in the town looked up to him with great respect. More than once he asked Paul Marsh and the other missionaries to his house, for he had a great desire to learn more of the great West and its people and customs. They spoke also of higher matters, and the gentleman was interested in the story of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. But he did not feel that he needed the Saviour at all.

One day Paul Marsh took the book, bought with Toney's penny, to the great man's house. Presently, in their talk, he told about the Ragged Sunday School in London, about Toney and his self-sacrifice. He made it a very interesting story, and the great man listened to every word.

'Is that the end of the story?' he asked, as the missionary paused.

'No, I don't think that is the end of it. There may be some more to tell some day,' said Paul smiling.

The great man looked puzzled at the answer. But he promised to read the little book carefully.

That day, and the next day, and for many days after that, the great man would take up that little book and read in it. And every time he opened it the truth became clearer and clearer to him, until at last he could no longer refuse its message. But still it was many days before he sent for one of the missionaries and told them what he felt, and desired to learn yet more. They answered his questions, and showed him the Saviour of the world whom they had come so far to preach. And in the end he became a humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth.

But the story of Toney's penny was not ended even when this was told, because this new soldier of the cross felt that he must use his influence and money towards extending Christ's Kingdom amongst his own people.

Toney is not a ragged boy now, but a young man doing well in his business. And one of his chief treasures is a letter from China telling him the whole story of his one penny and the work it did.

One Rose.

(By Eva F. Buker, in the 'Morning Star.')

The sun rose slowly over the great city one spring morning, and one of his first beams struck on the highest window of a large tenement house and was reflected crosswise into a little window of an otherwise dark bedroom in one of the adjoining flats. Here it danced over the wall as the sun rose higher, and at last rested on the pale face of a sleeping child.

Instantly the sleeper awoke and over the wan features spread a smile of welcome to the bit of light.

'Mamma, mamma,' he called, 'come see the sunlight. Perhaps I shall be better to-day. Has papa gone?'

In answer a man rose from the breakfast table in the kitchen close by, and entered the room occupied by the boy.

Weary months had passed since this lad of eight years had been injured by the carelessness of a burly driver on one of the big waggons, of which there were so many constantly going up and down in this crowded part of the great city.

Not one morning had the father failed to see his son for a few moments before setting out for his day's work, and although his heart was heavy at the prospect ahead, he never faltered in his endeavor to bring only good cheer and loving comfort to the invalid.

So much did this little morning visit mean

—THE—

"Canadian Pictorial"

—FOR—

SEPTEMBER.

Pictures of the waning summer season are the feature of the September 'Canadian Pictorial.' The cover-picture shows a Canadian girl on vacation. She is silhouetted at the end of the wharf looking across the lake for the boat that is to carry her to her journey's end. Then there are scenes of children paddling, and bigger children bathing; children roaming hand-in-hand through the fields; pastoral scenes of sheep and ducks and deep, cool ponds, and stalwart farmers reaping the harvest of golden grain. The eminent Canadian of the month is Sir Percy Girouard, who has served the cause of empire by building railways that conveyed British troops to the uttermost parts of the earth. A page is devoted to showing the disaster caused by the terrible fire at Fernie, B.C., and other news-pictures include the scenes in Turkey when the Sultan gave his subjects a constitution, the Canadian lawn tennis championship, and a jubilee celebration at Renfrew, Ont. In the Woman's Department, the feature is the story of an early Canadian heroine, Laura Secord. The regular departments are represented by pictures and matter which help the publishers in their aim that each issue shall be a little better than any of its predecessors. Ten cents a copy.

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The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

to the child, for papa was away the whole day, that he had extracted a promise from his mother to always wake him should it happen that he overslept, before his father left the house, and when he woke his first eager question was, 'Has papa gone?'

This morning greetings were followed by eager questionings from the sick one: 'Was the grass nice and green out in the country yesterday? and down in the little park by the bridge? Oh, papa, I can just feel how soft and nice it is. I wonder when I can go out to see it, and roll on it, and are there any flowers in those beds by the big houses on the avenue? Oh, I wish I could go out. Do tell me all about them.'

Then papa told him how the grass was beginning to grow, for spring was in the air, though it had been a long time coming, or so it seemed, even to well people; how a few flowers had crowded up into sight, yellow and white ones; how a big tree under which the car rolled—for papa was a conductor on a street car—was just the day before covered with bright red, tiny to be sure, but red leaves. They were most too small for leaves but they looked very pretty, and the child concluded they must be flowers of some sort.

Last of all was the beautiful flower market on the street close by the car track; roses, pinks, daisies, in great bunches and plies; such heaps of sweet posies. So they chatted of the outside world as fast as their tongues could go, for the time was short. The father must be prompt at his station and the runs were so long and so fast, and much of the day the car was so filled with passengers that small time remained the conductor to gaze at the fields in his country-ward trips or the blossoms in city gardens or crowded markets.

Still as he counted the fares and rang the bell, he seldom forgot the little tired body at home. There were others there but they could skip about in the sunshine. He almost forgot them at times. On this particular morning, their talk ended, as the father was hastening to button his coat and depart, a stifled sigh from the bedroom caught his ear: 'If I only had one of those flowers! If I only had!'

It echoed and re-echoed within him as he hurried along. Throughout the day he wished he might feel right in buying one rose. It would cost five cents only, but there were so many needs in his home that even five cents must not be parted with unnecessarily.

But he could not help longing for one sweet flower as he rode up and down. A woman with a dozen got on his car. He could hardly keep his eyes off the bouquet. At least he could carry a picture of it to his boy.

The day wore away. About four o'clock in the afternoon on a down town trip a young woman mounted the steps. She had several books, two or more small bundles, and above all one rose, one beautiful sweet-scented rose. It was just the time of day when few passengers were in the car going down town. Shoppers and business people were turning homewards, so the conductor could not fail to notice the two or three occupants of his car.

The young lady settled herself, her books and bundles, last of all picking up the flower which had slipped down beside her. Rather indifferently she held it, but its odor seemed to fill the whole place.

After a little, as she rose to leave the car it fell into the seat she vacated. The conductor saw it, instantly thought, 'She has forgotten it; now I shall have a rose,' but only for a second. Dropping his hand from the bell-rope he hastily picked it up and called after the girl. 'Lady, your rose!' holding it towards her.

She looked back. 'Oh, well, never mind!' said she, 'I have too many things to carry now. I can't bother with it,' and with a look which said, 'You are welcome to it,' she hurried across the street.

This was his last trip for the day. On the return he would be excused. How slow this car moved. Everything seemed to be in the way, but at last the turn at the bridge was made and the loaded car started homewards. More than one passenger glanced up from his paper or woke from his day dream at the sound of the conductor's voice, and looking up saw a tired, dusty man with a bright light in his eyes and a fine rose securely pinned to the left side of his coat.

Reaching his home he hastened at once to the sick boy and placed in his hands the carefully cherished rose. The little hands grasped the strong, straight stem which bore the proud blossom, and the little face was buried in its sweet depths, while every atom of the worn frame expressed joy and delight. At this moment the mother entered, and noting what was going on, said with a bit of reproach in her voice, 'I hope, John, you did not spend money for that,' for even she could see that it was no ordinary five-center, but might be worth five times that sum.

'No,' said the father. 'No.'

'Well, where then did you get it?' the tone now being one of surprise.

With a bit of hesitation the answer came, as the husband, still watching the boy, furtively brushed something from his cheek, 'My dear old mother up in Vermont would say, "The Lord sent it."'

The Captain's Faithful Dog.

In the 'Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs' collected by the 'ate Captain Thomas Brown is the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog.

During a severe storm in the year 1789 a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked on the banks near Yarmouth, and every human being on board perished. The only living thing which escaped was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed, the property of the captain, which swam ashore, bringing in his mouth his master's pocket-book. He landed on the beach, whither he was driven by the heavy surges, amongst a number of spectators, several of whom endeavored to take the pocket-book from him, but in vain. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of his charge, which had in all probability been delivered to him by his master in the hour of death and when he saw all hope was gone, at length, after surveying the countenances of those assembled on the beach, leaped fawningly upon the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the pocket-book to him. The dog immediately after depositing the rescued treasure into what he considered safe keeping, returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that was drifted shorewards by the billows for the wrecked vessel, seizing it and endeavoring to bring it to land.—'Autumn Leaves.'

THE DOG THAT SAVED THE CAPTAIN'S POCKET-BOOK.

Leaf-cutting Bees.

Perhaps some of my readers may have noticed on their rose-bushes a number of leaves in which neat round or oblong holes were cut. This is the work of the leaf-cutting bee, a pretty little insect looking much like the common honey bee, but with stout orange-red legs and metallic-green reflections about the head. Although the mutilated leaves are all too common, the nest for which they are sacrificed is seldom seen; for this little bee is a carpenter as well as a leaf-cutter, and hides her home away deep in the heart of some old post or board. The hole is much like that of her busy relative, the carpenter bee, but smaller, and, instead

of forming a tunnel at right angles to the entrance, penetrates directly into the wood.

When the hole is drilled to her satisfaction, our little friend stops carpenter work, and, flying to the nearest rose-bush, selects a tender, perfect leaf. From this she cuts oblong pieces, which are carried to the nest and formed into a thimble-shaped tube at its bottom. This tube is next filled with pollen and honey, on which a tiny egg is placed. Another trip is taken to the rose-bush, and this time perfectly circular pieces a trifle larger than the diameter of the tube are cut. These the little worker forces into the upper end of the tube, forming a tightly fitting stopper. These operations are repeated until the hole is filled with tubes one above another. The lowest eggs are hatched first, and each young bee waits for the one beyond to go forth, in the same manner as the young of the large carpenter bee.—A. Hyatt Verrill.

The Boy Who Helped Jesus.

We do not even know his name,
  His lineage, or his age;
And yet he lives in deathless fame
  Upon the Gospel page.

The people round the Master pressed,
  The sick, the poor, the sad;
He stands distinct from all the rest,
  A little fisher lad.

We cannot guess what prompts his thought
  That those five loaves he brings:
Two fish he may himself have caught
  He carries on his strings.

He waits with patient, upraised head;
  The hungry crowd he sees;
The fish are here, the barley bread,
  And yet what use are these?

Still, all he has his Lord may take,
  And then it must be well.
The Master took, and blessed, and brake,
  And wrought His miracle.

O glad child heart, so sure and swift
  The perfect way to choose!
O happy hands that bore the gift
  The Master deigned to use!

—Selected.

A Man in the Making.

The story of Skaggles—as it is told by a writer in the 'Associated Sunday Magazines'—is very simple, but it goes straight to that spot in the heart that is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skaggles was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to 'Skag.' When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were ventilated beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks,—that is, used the duster,—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, save for the high-water mark about his neck.

But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied waste-baskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the 'boss' had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

'Skag, come here!'

It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a culprit.

'Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all.'

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tugged at the seam on his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping.

Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathy.

'Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he needn't come at all.'

When Jones returned, he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

'What brought it on?' asked the stenographer.

'Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday.'

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggles now. They call him by his right name.

'Cannot be Made Over.'

'Your house was pretty badly used up,' remarked a visitor after a great flood in Cincinnati to an old man who was sitting on a broken step of a frame cottage that was twisted out of all shape.

'Yes,' he replied. 'Thar ain't much left of the old house. The high water done a heap of mischief.'

'But you'll soon make things over again, as good as new,' continued the first speaker.

'Stranger,' said the old man, in a husky voice, 'thar are some things in this yar world that you can't make over again. This was my house, and so it is yet; this was my home, stranger; but it will never be my home again,' and he paused, gazing sadly about him.

'Thar are some things you can't make as they was. When the high water came, my wife was in bed with a fever; and the water come and come, and all the time I thought it couldn't come any higher; but the fust thing I knowed, it was clear in the house. Then I had to move her, and what with the fright and the cold and all, she was no sooner under a roof on high ground than she died—my old wife, stranger.

'Yes, she died; died 'fore Bill—Bill was our boy—come back. He was a good boy to his mother and me, but I didn't understand him, and he went off. Yes, went off, to make his own way in the world.

'But his mother said he would come back, and she used to pray the Lord to watch him. She said he would surely come back, and she used to keep his room and his things just as he left 'em. His mother, stranger, always fixed that room every day all ready

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for him, and if he had come back, everything would have been as he remembered it.

'That room to us, to his mother and me, was wuth more than all the world; but the high water came, and I didn't get a chance to save a thing. All his little boyish things were washed away; the walls is cracked, and when he comes back there will be nothing left to tell of home—no mother, none of his old things and nothing to show the love of the years that we've waited for him. Stranger, thar are some things you can't make over agin as good as new.'

With a dreary shake of the head that told of a sorrow too deep for tears, too holy for expression, the old man looked again at his ruined house; but the other's eyes were brimming with tears, and he did not trust himself to speak for many minutes.

But the homely phrase 'cannot be made over,' conveyed to my mind another and a deeper meaning.

Build well to-day, and to-morrow, and in all the days for life and its associations and influences 'cannot be made over.' To say at the end of an unwise life, 'If I could live my time again, I would do differently,' is but empty breath—live now, and when comes to you the judgment day of final years, you will not find your service for God and others an experience that you wish 'to be made over.'—'Companion.'

The Bear That Was Not.

(By Jennie Martin M'Daniel, in the 'Children's Visitor.')

'Hurrah for Camp Skiddoo!' shouted Harry Johnson as he tossed his cap into the air and 'cut the pigeon wing,' much to the disgust of his older sister, Kate, who invariably viewed such conduct on the part of her younger brother with disdain.

'Do behave yourself, Harry!' said Kate. 'Any one would think that you had never been anywhere before in your life. Certainly we will not give it any such ridiculous name as that.'

Harry was exactly like all other live boys—full of the exuberance of youth. Hence this hilarity over their summer outing; for it was to be a camping trip, and the tents were to be pitched by the seaside—just the kind of fun for a boy.

This sort of a summer trip did not appeal very strongly to the female portion of the Johnson family, especially to the young ladies. Kate and Gertrude had just returned from college, and would have much preferred the gayety of one of the seaside hotels, where there would be opportunities to show their dainty summer toilets and bask in the sunshine of many admiring masculine glances. However, with characteristic good nature, they began to assist in making preparations for the trip.

'After all,' said Kate, 'it will not be such a bad way to spend a few weeks. I am just dying to read all those lovely books given me at Christmas. I haven't had time to even look at them.'

Gertrude said she might write a story or two, for she was exceedingly fond of weaving romances, and hoped some day to be known in the literary world.

Mrs. Johnson really welcomed any sort of a change that would break the monotony of housekeeping and the strain of social duties; so she actually looked forward with a degree of pleasure to the freedom of camp life. She expected to relax and rest.

The Johnson home was in Florida, and about a day's journey from the point on the coast which had been selected for camp. The tents were pitched on the summit of the last sand dune approaching the ocean. Immediately a flag pole was hoisted, bearing a white banner, on which was inscribed, in big, black letters of Harry's own make, 'Camp Skiddoo.'

The outlook was indeed promising. North and south lay the beautiful beach, as firm and smooth as any pavement, and broad enough at low tide for a whole battalion of soldiers to march abreast; to the eastward the grand old Atlantic, ever beautiful and full of interest with its changing moods; to the westward, as far as eye could reach, one vast stretch of low palmettoes, broken here and there by huge oak trees, around which gracefully twined the wild grapevines, which at this season hung heavy with their fruit. The Halifax River, half a mile away, was said to be teeming with fish; and surely the fingers of these followers of Sir Izaak Walton were tingling with the desire to land a few of the finny tribe.

A merry party sat down to the first meal served in the dining tent, and did full justice to the menu, which was as follows: Fried fish, deviled crabs, creamed potatoes, corn bread, and coffee. The table, an arrangement of boards on barrels, was made very attractive with the snowy linen and dainty pieces of china and silver, which had been brought over by the thoughtful mother. It was further ornamented with a bowlful of the beautiful, variegated sea morning-glories, gathered along the sandy slopes.

Many days of genuine pleasure followed. Mornings were spent in fishing, either in the Halifax for small game or in the surf for the huge bass. During the mid-day hours the family rested, read, and slept. Later bathing suits were donned for a dip in the briny deep. A tramp along the beach, then supper, and the day's exercises were ended.

The nights had been delightful, a cool breeze blowing continually from the ocean; consequently the festive mosquito had been 'conspicuous by his absence.'

A day dawned cloudy and warm, a gentle breeze blowing from the west—'a land breeze,' the coast people were wont to call it, and experience had taught them to dread the same. Along with this 'land breeze' came the mosquitoes and pesky sand flies—a few at first and more back to the woods for recruits and, marshaling their forces, swept down, millions strong, upon the unhappy tent dwellers, endeavoring to devour them there and then, without further ceremony. Bravely the battle was waged till midnight, when a stiff breeze sprang up from the ocean and drove the enemy once more into the background. It was a sweet relief, and the people were soon asleep.

Hark! What was that? A low, ominous growl from Bruno, the faithful watchdog. Immediately the sleepers were awake and listening. There must be some intruder, for Bruno never gave a false alarm. Out to the front they came to investigate. Bruno was now tearing madly down the beach, barking and yelping at every jump. Yes, there it was, in plain view—something big moving slowly up the beach.

'It's a bear!' screamed Harry; and with this announcement the girls went wild with terror. They clung to their mother, who was trembling with fear.

Mr. Johnson calmly shouldered his shotgun, followed by Harry with rifle, and started down the beach to kill this midnight prowler. It seemed strange that a bear would take so little notice of a dog. Bruno was barking furiously, but the bear proceeded quietly up the beach. They closed in on him.

Bang! went the shotgun. Bang! went Harry's rifle. Was there ever such excitement?

'We've got him,' said Harry. It was evident the bear had fallen. Rushing up to the spot where they saw Mr. Bruin fall, they found—not a bear at all, but a great, big sea turtle! She had quietly come out of the ocean, as turtles do, to lay her eggs in the sand, and was on her nest when thus rudely interrupted. With their guns they 'turned' her, and thus was captured the finest turtle ever seen on the beach.

Turtle steak and turtle egg omelet were enjoyed in the Johnson camp for a few days. The huge shell was taken home as a souvenir, and was always a reminder of an exciting night.

Fault-finding Girls.

Have you ever heard a group of girls discussing a newcomer in the office or shop? The chances are they pick out every flaw possible in dress and looks and manner. It would have been just as easy, and far better for the future characters of the critics, to have been on the lookout for good points. Most people have more virtues than faults if only we weren't most of us so blinded by old critical habits that we can't see them. Some time, when you find yourself seeing the shortcomings of relatives and friends, stop short and ask yourself if you haven't ways of your own which are just as open to criticism. It is most unfair to criticize other people's actions unless you know all the circumstances. The chances are if you were in their places you would do no better.

The habit of fault-finding with places and things, which most girls have, ought to be nipped in the bud. One girl can ruin the pleasure of a whole party just by pointing out the flaws everywhere. What if things aren't just to your liking? You won't make them a particle better by calling attention to them, and you will make others uncomfortable by doing so. Train yourself to see the bright side and to make the best of things. If you can't get a rosy view keep quiet. And don't always have a 'but' in your pleasures. Get all the small joys you can as you go along. Don't go sidestepping after the disagreeables. Some of them will come of course, but you needn't go to meet them. By learning to keep your eyes on the good and pleasant in people and situations, you will make it easier to grapple with the inevitable disagreeables.—'Catholic Record.'

The Shadow of Failure.

The terror of failure and the fear of coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear-ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal; no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it. There can be no great courage where there is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that we can do what we undertake.

The mind always full of doubts, fears, forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetually handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist.

The human mind cannot accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, reputation, everything else has gone.

Some men are pitched to a minor key. They probably do not realize it; but there is a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. Everything is down—business poor, prospects dark. They are always seeing snags ahead. They see tendencies in American life which are sure to undermine our democracy and end in revolution. Nothing is as it used to be when they were young. They cannot get any more decent help. Everything is in a deplorable condition.

It is a most unfortunate thing to get into such a mental habit.

I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic. They go through like like a tornado cloud, carrying blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go.

Everything depends upon the way we look at things. Near these calamity howlers we find people living practically under the same conditions, who see beauty and increasing goodness, and an upward trend in civilization everywhere.

What an untold blessing to form early in life the optimistic habit of seeing the best instead of the worst!

Think how much more those get out of life who are always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people!

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a

great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting.

A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back will surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

When you see the corners of a child's mouth go down, you know the remedy. You try to make him laugh, to forget the thing that caused his mouth to droop. Why not apply the antidote to your own case?

If the corners of your mouth sag, you know the antidote that will turn them up—a smile, a good, hearty laugh or an uplifting thought.

If you catch a glimpse of your face in the glass and see that there is a thundercloud in your expression, if it does not seem possible to look pleasant, just get by yourself a few minutes and persistently crowd into your mind as many pleasant, hopeful, joyous, optimistic, encouraging thoughts as possible and you will be surprised to see how quickly your expression will change.

The thundercloud is in your face because there is one in yur mind. It is a mental reflection.—'Success.'

Among the Birds.

(By Alice Mil'er Weeks, in the 'Friend for Boys and Girls.')

'Why don't you read out loud?' Harry asked, dropping down on the root of a large tree beside his older brother Bert, where he and Helen were already deep in their books. 'I haven't anything to do if you're going to read all the time.'

Bert looked up, a little cross at being interrupted. 'Why, I can't read aloud right in the middle of my book,' he said. 'Besides, Helen's reading, too. It would not be polite to disturb her!'

He turned away and went on reading. Harry looked up at the trees and wondered what he would do with this bright Saturday afternoon. He had brought his ball, but playing catch alone was tiresome. The lake looked as if fishing would be fine; but in the spring boys were not allowed to fish there. He was still wondering, when he saw Bessie Brown and her father walking among the trees.

'There's Bessie!' he cried, jumping up suddenly. 'I'm going over where she is.' Bert and Helen looked up long enough to see him with Mr. Brown and Bessie, and back to their books, breathing little sighs of relief.

'Oh, Harry, what do you think?' Bessie cried. 'We've brought the opera glasses, and father's telling me all about the birds. You'd never believe there are so many different kinds here! It's the most fun!'

'What birds? Sparrows and robins?' Harry asked. 'That's all I ever saw here.'

'Why, there are ever so many other kinds. When you look sharp, you find birds almost everywhere!'

Harry began to use his eyes. Presently he spied a little gray-and-white bird coming headfirst down a tree trunk! He was so excited he frightened the bird away, but Mr. Brown saw it as it flew.

'It was a white-breasted nuthatch,' he said. 'You have to be very quiet, for most of the birds are timid.'

A small brown bird flew down to the root of a tree and began travelling in circles round the trunk.

'It is a brown creeper, picking grubs out of the bark,' Mr. Brown said, letting the children see the busy little fellow through the glasses. While they were watching, a sleek, smooth bird in a dark-gray suit and black cap, alighted near and looked at them quite fearlessly.

'A catbird,' Mr. Brown told them. 'He spends most of his time dressing his feathers and keeping himself trim and tidy; you see what a stylish-looking chap he is.'

The children laughed, and the catbird flew away. Then a sweet warbling song came from a bush near by. Creeping up very softly, the children saw a tiny brown bird, balancing itself and singing with all its little might. It was a wren, and it stayed on its twig long enough for them to see it through the glass. After it had flown, they still heard its bright and cheery song from a distant tree.

'Now we'll walk along the lake and look for water birds,' Bessie's father said. Harry and Bessie watched the gulls, while Mr. Brown looked along the shore of a little island. 'There, I've found a sandpiper!' he said suddenly. 'See him over there—that little speckled bird on stilts? See him tilting along at the edge of the water?'

It was such exciting work that the afternoon came to a close long before either Bessie or Harry wanted to go home. When Harry went back to his brother and sister, he found them still reading.

'My, I'm tired,' Helen said, getting up slowly and brushing bits of leaves from her dress. 'My head aches, too.'

'And my foot's asleep,' Bert growled, slipping a bit of grass into his book to keep the place. 'I can hardly walk.'

But Harry's eyes were bright, and he was full of enthusiasm. 'I never had such a nice time,' he declared, skipping along beside the others. 'We've been studying birds all the afternoon. You never would believe how many kinds of birds there are, right here in the park!'

And Helen and Bert began to wonder if, after all, there were things better than books to be found in the fields and meadows, and under the bright spring sunshine.

The Officer.

(By Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in the 'Christian World.')

Once upon a time there was a great officer who had a very bad temper. A bad temper will spoil anyone, and his temper spoiled the officer. One day, in church, when the officer attended with his king and with many soldiers, a plain-spoken chaplain preached a sermon on the duty of being good-tempered. The officer heard and was very much ashamed. Also he was angry at hearing such things mentioned in the pulpit. So when the service was over he went to see the chaplain and upbraided him. 'Come, my friend,' said the chaplain, gently, 'better try to overcome your failing rather than add to your sins by losing your temper with me. When people are bad-tempered they always get very angry with anyone who tells them of it. But you know better and you ought to do better.' 'That's all very well,' said the officer, sulkily; 'I tell you I cannot keep my temper. Nothing will ever make me keep it.' 'Pray and try hard,' urged the chaplain. But the officer was so angry that he went away muttering things to himself.

* * * * *

The next day the king held a court, and to it were bidden the officer and the chaplain, together with many nobles and lords and other important people. They all talked together freely, and at last a courtier said something that was not at all polite to the officer. The officer looked at him and flushed. He moved his right hand nervously just about the place where he generally wore his sword, and it seemed for a moment as though he were going to get angry. But suddenly he caught the eye of the king, and the flush on his face died down and he made some pleasant answer to the insult. So all passed off well, for the rudest of people can often be stayed from further rudeness by speaking to them politely.

* * * * *

Outside the reception room the chaplain met the officer. 'My friend,' he said, touching him gently on the arm, 'you kept your temper just now and it was good to see it.' 'Yes,' answered the officer 'I did keep my temper.' 'Well, now,' said the chaplain, 'only yesterday you said it was no use blaming you. You were bad tempered and you could not help it. Yet to-day, when you tried, you kept your temper splendidly.' 'Ah, but,' said the officer, 'you do not understand. You see, I was in the presence of the king. I knew the king was watching me, and so for very shame I had to keep my temper.' This was the reply for which the chaplain had been waiting. He heard it with a smile, and then, turning to the officer, he said, gently, 'I think I do understand. Yet how strange it is that while you can keep your temper because your earthly king is near and is looking, you can lose it even though your heavenly King is always with you and is always watching you.' Never in your life have you seen a man look so amazed as did the officer when he heard these words. 'Well, well,' he answered, humbly, 'I never thought of that. I promise you the next time I am inclined to get angry, I will remember that the King—I mean the heavenly King—is always looking at me, and because of the eyes of my King, I will try hard to be what He would wish me to be.' And he passed on quietly, thinking.

A Boy's Reunion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a meeting or be a church officer or preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and shout just like a real boy. But in all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought not to use tobacco in any form and should have a horror for intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He should not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something wrong because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—Selected.

Why Not?

You say you cannot help others. Why not? No money? Possibly so, but remember that a kind word or a sympathetic look given to a discouraged soul may renew faith and bring fresh courage. This is your opportunity to give more than gold. A kindness shown, a sympathy expressed, a thought fitly spoken, may be of infinitely more worth to your friend in distress or sorrow, than the costliest gem. You have much that you can give. Withhold it not from those who need.—Selected.

Practical Dont's.

Don't say, 'That's good enough.' Don't borrow tools; buy your own. Don't let your lathe run and cut air. Don't be always looking for pay-day. Don't be too important to do insignificant jobs. Don't take off your overalls before quitting time. Don't try to fool your foreman, for you may get left. Don't wait until Monday morning to fill your oil-can. Don't deny spoiling a piece of work if you have done it.—From 'Practical Don'ts for Machinists.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

'Alsie's Birthday Present.'

'Dear little Alsie,' grandma wrote, 'you must write and tell me what you wish for a birthday present.' And Alsie thought and thought, for it was a very important matter, and she did not want to make a mistake. For a while she ran her pencil over the page without making a mark, but finally she wrote.

'Dear Grandma,—I believe I want a little gold necklace more than anything else. It costs ten dollars. I believe I want it as much as mamma wants a new set of teaspoons.'

Grandma smiled when she read the letter; but she sent Alsie ten dollars, telling her she could buy the necklace or anything else. 'Because I know,' wrote grandma, 'that sometimes little people change their minds.'

'I don't change my mind when I've got ten dollars to buy a gold necklace,' said Alsie, and she ran off to the jeweller's. But, while she was standing at the counter waiting for the clerk, she saw laid out in the case before her the prettiest set of teaspoons, and she thought, 'I wish mamma had them!'

'The price is ten dollars,' said the clerk, 'but they're worth it.' And he took out the spoons.

'I want to look at the little gold necklace,' said Alsie, bashfully. She held the necklace in her hand, but again her blue eyes sought the silver spoons. 'I believe,' she said, softly, 'I'll take the spoons.'

It was a happy little girl who ran home carrying the teaspoons, a happy little girl who handed them to her surprised mamma, and a happy little girl who wrote:

'Dear Grandma,—I know you won't care when I tell you that I spent the ten dollars buying lovely little teaspoons for mamma and all of us, instead of getting the necklace just for myself. I send you a thousand thanks from everybody and a special birthday kiss from your little granddaughter,

'Alsie.'

And grandma did not mind at all.—'Jewels.'

Vacation's Done.

Back from the farms and hills and dales,
Back from the valleys and back from the vales,
Come the children, bronzed and tanned,
Back from the surf and the ocean strand;

Back to school and the comrades there,
Back to the playground's noise and glare
Books are opened—school's begun.
Work hard now—vacation's done.

—'Catholic News.'

Louise's Hat.

Until she was six years old, little Louise had lived in the city. Then her mother moved to a smaller town where the houses stood in large yards, and there were trees and flowers and plenty of grass. Louise had a little garden all her own, and in it she raised one tomato plant, one pea-vine, two dandelions, and a geranium. Think of that!

There were many other things about her new home that pleased little Louise. One was a swing with two chairs that faced each other, and here she and her sister used to sit and swing and play they were riding in the cars.

One day Louise was sitting in the swing alone, when a bird plumped down out of the apple tree right upon the crown of her hat. Louise was a bit startled, but her mother, who sat near in the hammock, called out: 'Don't be frightened, dear; it is just a baby robin! Keep still and see what he will do.'

So Louise kept still, and the robin perched on her hat and looked about. Then he seemed to think that he would like to take a walk, for he got down off the crown of Louise's hat and hopped around the brim, until at last he tumbled off into the grass.

Pussy saw the bird fall, and started at once to creep slyly toward him; but Louise's mother saw her and scared her away, and picked the baby robin up and put him in the tree, where the old birds were making a great fuss. They seemed glad to get their baby back again.

Louise's mother says she doesn't like hats trimmed with dead birds; but if a live bird wishes to trim a hat with himself, why, that is quite a different matter!—'Little Folks.'

Bedtime.

Isn't it strange little girls and boys never do like to go to bed? Harold was like that, and when Aunt Alice came to take him to bed at seven o'clock he begged hard to sit up a little longer, although his eyes blurred often and his neck ached from trying to hold his head upright. But he said he was not sleepy.

'I will tell you a story,' said Aunt Alice, 'about some little people who have to find themselves a place to sleep every night instead of having a nice warm bed, as you do.'

This made the little snarls leave Harold's face, because he loved the stories Aunt Alice told.

'I have told you about the flock of English sparrows that huddle in a bush near my window, but this story is about the dear little British blue butterflies.'

Harold followed Aunt Alice upstairs, and was not long in cuddling down in his own little bed, waiting for the rest of the story.

'These butterflies,' continued Aunt Alice, 'have grey-spotted wings and are seen flying over the downs all day, and when it comes night they go in great numbers to a sheltered place, where the grass is tall, and each one chooses a separate blade of grass on which to make his bed. Each butterfly turns his head downward and folds and lowers his wings, so that he looks exactly like a seed growing on the grass. If the night

is cold they creep down lower and lower on the blade, and as the wind blows the grasses to and fro they are rocked to sleep.'

'I should like to see them,' said Harold, sleepily; 'but I am glad that I have a bed—and an Aunt Alice.' And while he was thinking about the little butterfly brothers, all sleeping together, he made his journey to dreamland.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

In the Tree.

(By Mary Callan, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Up in a nest in the old apple-tree
Three little round things lie,
Pretty and speckled and blue as can be,
Up in the branches high.
Rock them, breezes, sing to them, wind,
They will be gone by and by.

Up in the nest on the old apple bough
Six little bright eyes peep.
Out of the pretty blue eggs somehow
Birdies have managed to creep.
Rock them, breezes, sing to them, wind,
Maybe you'll get them to sleep.

Dear little feathers in wings have grown,
Wings the wee birds must try.
Mother keeps watch in the nest alone
Up in the branches high.
Waft them, breezes, wait for them, wind,
Birdies are learning to fly.

The Faith.

Every one smiled when his father carried him into the car—this little lad of three, who taught me so sweet a lesson in faith. The car was crowded, but there was a corner between door and window where the child could stand, and there his father put him down.

'You stay still there, Herbie; papa is going to stand near you. You won't be afraid?'

The wee man shook his head very decidedly, and catching hold of a brass rail with his chubby fist, stood contentedly watching his father with trustful, happy eyes. At every corner new passengers came on board and crowded between father and child. Herbie was much more comfortable in the sheltered nook where his father had put him than he would have been even in his father's arms on the crowded, jolting platform. Little by little the new-comers hid the father from Herbie's sight. He did not look like a child who was accustomed to be alone, and I watched him closely, ready to comfort if need be. I saw his lips moving, and bent toward him. This was what he said: 'I can see my papa's foot, and I can see my papa's hand.'

Precious little heart, comforting itself!

The crowd jostled back and forth. I heard another whisper: 'I can see my papa's foot. I—can—see—my—papa's—foot!'

Then the foot was no longer visible to the patient watcher. Trouble clouded his serious eyes for a minute, followed by a sudden happy smile.

'I can hear my papa talk!'

Sure enough, the father was talking to some one. But the conversation was not long. The blue eyes were growing shadowy again.

'Herbie,' I whispered, 'I can see your papa. I am taller than you. I can see your papa's face, dear.'

For a brief space my face was subjected to a searching glance. Then the content came back to the boy's face. He watched me and I watched that other face, nodding assurance to my little friend. In a few moments people began to leave the car, the father sat down and took his child on his knee.

'Were you afraid, Herbie?'

'No—I knew you were there all the whole time!'

'Oh! for the faith of a little child, that whatever comes, the heart may say: 'I was not afraid, for, lo! I knew that all the time Thou wert there!'—'Catholic News.'

Dress Parade.

Captain Great Toe,
Corporal Little Toe,
Baby counts his men.
Five on one side, five on t'other side,
Five and five makes ten!

Up, up, Great Toe!
Up, up, Little Toe!
Baby laughs and crows.
All the men come marching up
And over Baby goes!

Two big captains,
Two little corporals,
With their whole brigade—
For Baby's major-general,
And this is dress parade!

'Christian Guardian.'

A Queen Doll.

(By E. S. L. Thompson, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Hilda Dill has dolls and dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honor is 'White Feather Blue Eyes,' which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States fort in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there, and not long since an Indian woman came to the fort with horn spoons, reed-covered bottles, beaded moccasins and dolls, of which one was White Feather Blue Eyes.

A good many wanted that doll, but Colonel Tom offered the most money,—five silver dollars,—and Mountain Bird—that was the Indian woman's name—sold it to him. 'Her clothing was so soiled and greasy, and she looked so fierce and wild, that she ought to have been called "Carrion Crow,"' wrote Uncle Tom.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained with the juice of some berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick dust, and in each of her black ears is a wire on which is fastened a large bead for an earring.

Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads. Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket, fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins, completes White Feather Blue Eyes' truly striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighborhood; but she cannot be borrowed, begged nor bought.

Ben's Lesson.

Once there was a little boy
Who always said 'I couldn't'
When he was asked to do a thing—
He really meant he wouldn't.

He 'couldn't' write, he 'couldn't' read,
Of course he 'couldn't' spell,
He never even tried to count,—
He could do nothing well!

His uncle Jim came in one day
A parcel in his hand.
'Come, Ben,' said he, 'undo the string,
You'll find this something grand.'

Now, Bennie thought, 'It's just a book
Of lessons he has brought.'
Instead of taking off the string
He fumbled with the knot.

'I "couldn't" take this great knot out,'
He said, and turned away.
His uncle tried, and opened out
A box of chocolates gay!

'You lazy boy! Since you won't try
To do as you are told,
I'll give this chocolate box away
To Tom, who's good as gold.'

Ben learned a lesson from that day:
Though difficult his work,
'I'll try it!' now he bravely cries,
'And nevermore I'll shirk!'

—'Our Little Dots.'

Naughty Kitty.

(By Marian Isabel Hurrell, in 'Our Little Dots.')

'What a lovely sunshiny day!' said little Snowball, peeping out of the stable door. 'I think I'll take a little ramble, if mother will let me go.' Mother said 'Yes,' for Kitty was now quite big enough to take care of herself.

'Be good,' were Mrs. Snowball's last words, 'and don't be late home.'

'All right, mother,' said Kitty.

But after a while the naughty little puss forgot all about her promises. She saw a lovely piece of fish on the kitchen table as she was passing by the open door. At once she jumped up and took it in her mouth. But Cook, who was not far off, came in, and, catching her in the very act, gave her a good whipping.

So you see that one naughty act will spoil even the most sunshiny day.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Flower Memories.

(Sarah Doudney, in the 'Quiver.')

I think of the roses I wore one day
When life was merry and sweet,
And children called me the Queen of May,
And knelt at their playmate's feet;
But the mirth died out with the sunset light,
When the young ones went to rest;
And the flowers were left in the summer's night
To fade on the earth's green breast.

I think of the roses he gave to me
When love was a bliss new-born,
And hill and meadow and daisied lea
Were fresh with the touch of morn;
But short was the life of that love of ours,
And sharp was the sting of pain
When I looked on a spray of withered flowers
That never might bloom again.

I think of the roses, dainty and fair,
I bought at a London stall;
Their fragrance scented the morning air.
Their smile was a smile for all;
I carried them straight to a darkened room
Where a child lay sick and tired,
And the life they gave with their tender bloom
Was the joy my soul desired.

Oh, not for the roses of spring that shed
Their dew on my childish brow,
And not for the love-gifts, early dead,
My spirit is longing now!
For sweeter far are the flowers we give
Than those which the hand can hold,
And blossoms gathered for others live
When the giver's heart is cold.

To Destroy Insects.

It may not be generally known that skim-milk or buttermilk readily mixes with kerosene, forming an emulsion which destroys insects without danger of injury to animals or plants, on which they might be, that might result from the use of the pure oil or of the oil and water.

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DOMINION—7 1-3 octave Upright Piano by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in walnut case with full length music desk, plain engraved panels, sliding fall board, continuous hinges, ivory and ebony keys. A medium sized Piano, in good order. Original Price $350 Sale Price $198

MASON & RISCH—7 1-3 octave Upright Piano by Mason & Risch, Toronto, in dark rosewood case, with plain panels, trichord overstrung scale, ivory and ebony keys. A good toned Piano and in splendid order. Original Cost $375 Sale Price $210

MENDELSSOHN—An almost new 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano in rich mahogany case, full length music desk and carved panels, automatic sliding fall board, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Cannot be told from new. Manufacturer's Price, $340. Sale Price $237

HARDMAN—A Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by Hardman & Co., New York, in attractive case of plain design, plain polished panels. Has full cabinet grand scale, ivory and ebony keys, finest, double repeating action, in A1 order. Original Cost, $500. Sale Price $245

DECKER BROS.—A rarely good Piano by this celebrated firm, has rich, sonorous tone, perfect repeating action, in dark rosewood case of plain design. Original Cost $550 Sale Price $248

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—7 1-3 octave Piano by Gerhard Heintzman, Toronto, in walnut case of up-to-date design with plain panels and music desk, ivory and ebony keys, trichord overstrung scale, 3 pedals, etc. Cannot be told from new. Manufacturers' Price $400 Sale Price $259

HEINTZMAN & CO.—A large size Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by Heintzman & Co., in buri walnut case. Has full length music desk, carved panels, automatic sliding fall board, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals. Manufacturers' Price, $500. Sale Price $265

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A large style Gerhard Heintzman Piano in walnut case, full length music desk, carved panel, Boston fall board, trichord overstrung scale, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale Price $275

GOURLAY—The popular Empress design Cabinet Grand Piano of our own make that has won so much favor with professional musicians and music lovers. It's simplicity of design also appeals. Nothing but the finest materials and workmanship enter into the make-up of this instrument. In mahogany case. Used only about a year. Price is reduced to $305

GOURLAY—A new Grand-Scale-Gourlay Piano in rich mahogany case of Ornate Colonial design. A rare Piano. If we were to make a Piano to your order at $1,000, it could be no finer in tone, action or durability than this instrument. The rich, sonorous tone of this Piano closely resembles that of a Grand. Has been used professionally for 15 months, but is just like new. Sale Price $328

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming,

180 Yonge Street, Toronto.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD

FROM ALL PARTS of the Dominion come most encouraging reports regarding the harvest outlook, which will mean new encouragement to all kinds of business.

Do you realize what THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY is doing to keep pace with this growth? When our new building in Toronto is completed this Fall, the store equipment will be doubled, and we will be able to fill twice as many mail orders, with a promptness that you've never known.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

What Will You Give?

A Missionary Recitation.

(Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

There's a call from the far-off heathen land.
Oh, what can you give for the great demand?

We have not wealth like the rich man's store;
We will give ourselves—we have nothing more.

I will give my feet—they shall go and go
Till the heathen's need all my friends shall know.

I will give my hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not, but can earn.

I will give my eyes—the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

I will give my tongue, that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

We have little to give, but by and by
We may hear a call from the Voice on high:
'To bear My Gospel o'er land and sea,
Unto all the world, Go ye! Go ye!'

Though of gold and silver we have none at all,
We will give ourselves if we hear that call.

The Victory of Struggle.

Struggle is more important than victory. Struggle is sure to make character, and victory often fails to do so. Struggle is a duty; victory may not be. Struggle is progress; victory may be standstill. In other words, the result of our pushing onward in the right direction is in the Lord's hands, not ours; and the result in this world is a minor matter, a mere incident, so far as we are concerned. It is hard to see this, when we have pushed, and strained, and struggled for years in the line of plain duty, and the goal seems as much in doubt as ever. It is still harder to see this when the result is no longer in doubt, but is plainly to be failure. Yet this last kind of fight is the finest test of all. It is the test that Jesus Christ had to meet, with earthly failure surely ahead as the end of his life-work; it is the test that he calls on some of his followers to meet. 'Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning,' George Eliot has said; 'but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.' The man who will not give up, even in defeat, cannot be conquered. He wins a greater victory in defeat than he could in victory.

Contagious Cheerfulness.

How much easier it is to work briskly when whistling a merry tune. How our steps and our every movement will keep pace to an inspiring song. But deeper than this lies the emotional, if one might so call it, the spiritual effect—the toning of one's spirits, the raising of the drooping head, the invigorating of the flagging activity, when a noble song bursts upon the ear, or when a gentle, soothing refrain steals into the consciousness. Religion has stirred all the best that is within human nature by song. Well is music called the 'divine art,' since it appeals to that which is divine in us. All the noblest and most hopeful and most practically helpful of the various creeds to which man subscribes, have their hymns. From the earliest ages it has been thus. Helpfulness to self and to others, then, indorses the exhortation, 'Sing on!'—Selected.